

## HUMAN WAYS IN MEXICO.

**CALMLY-FLOWING DAYS WHERE  
HURRY IS UNKNOWN.**

Views of an American Writer who Has Resided There Long Enough to Absorb a Philosophic Way of Looking at Things

From the Boston Herald.  
MEXICO, July 6.—All the philosophers, from Diogenes to Emerson, have pointed out that the way to be happy is to be content with little. Theoretically we all prove the dicta of the men

I have frequently said that south of the Rio Grande one finds a whole nation of philosophers, on the whole the most contented, tranquil people on the face of the globe. There is a great peace pervading this pleasant and sunny land.

You note the change immediately that you experience in your own feelings, and the energetic Texas into dreamy happy Mexico.

If, as we must believe, the acme of human felicity is attained when one has arrived at perfect contentment of spirit, then we must admit that the Mexican people are as near to the realization of the dream of Horrells and Bellamy as man has dreamed. From the most divergent divisions of caste here, and in this Mexico is not what the Altruistic Traveller has imagined or what Bellamy has dreamed; but the Mexicans have reached the results imagined by those authors, without making use of their leveling, communistic theories.

That transition into caste tends to contentment. Born a poor, you expect so to remain, and not being ambitious, you are happy in being simply what you are, and you have no

The servant is a servant and will be nothing else, and enjoys being a servant in a calm, untroubled way that delights one to witness. I have had servants say to me that, when they died, they hoped to be relieved from their need of uniting with other people and to

Religion has a vast deal to do with this country. It is the thing for a nation to have its philosophy of life ready made and conformable to the national genius. All Mexicans, with only here and there an exception, are Catholics, a large majority far from being enlightened members of that ancient communion, but

all good believers. That, to me, is the only way to achieve the unity of thought and of viewing all matters of conduct is achieved, and this is a great gain, for, however we may pound our heads out against the wall, we may never know that we know it. There is no man kind. The philosophers are many and discordant. Optimists, pessimists, and idealists, one soon comes to see that they are all like doctors in a consultation, the patient being in this case

poor mundanity. They wrangle, can't stand, talk stupidly and without meaning, or are deceived by a false lucidity, and nobody is what the wisest.

Unity of religion is for us, intellectually, what the sublime unity and wholeness of the sky is to our vision. It is grand, consoling, immensely restful. Where there are many beliefs it is as if the blue dome of heaven were divided into sections, each bearing a legend to the effect that this is the only true exit to the other world.

The central Government should be confined to men who really enjoy governing, who delight in having people sitting in ante-rooms, and who have the courage to get rid in an effective manner of people of reforming and revolutionary tendencies. Newspapers should be encouraged to discuss literature and new discoveries, and to criticise theatrical people. Politics, which is disquieting, and the tariff and silver questions,

There is something in the electrical, highly oxygenated northern air which infuses a subtle madness into the race. People are forever stirring about and cherishing ambitions and ideals, and the time is wasted in getting up and going in fads, and cultivate their minds in the maddest clatter of clubs, and waste on infinite papers of the good ink which the wise Montaigne and the cheerful Cervantes used to so much better purpose. It is a delight to see restful, tranquil

women, and one finds them in Mexico, and that, too, among the higher classes who have travelled, have really lived in Paris, not merely flitting through that brilliant capital, have breathed the electric air of New York, and looked on at the varied life of northern lands.

and have come home to rest and unhappy tale remainder of the useful, charming lives. They are the mothers and the proof of their happiness is to be read in their tranquil, cheerful glance.

These women read, and often in different tongues; they have many accomplishments, and are always good housekeepers, and are hospitable hostesses in their quiet way. The great content in this tropical land rests on them, these charming women of faith and good works, of

unvarying sweetness of character. You should see their grown-up sons affectionately kiss their hands, and witness the love and reverence given them by their daughters. Mexico has produced something infinitely better than its silver and gold—its women!

In the humbler classes one finds this same tranquil happiness. The poor woman, employed fifteen hours a day in a cotton mill, puts flowers in her window, hanging a singing bird in its cage on her wall. The women carrying burdens from the hills come trotting down the country roads with cheerful faces. These poor wam-

through, on Sundays, and at early hours on week days, the little country churches, and are the better for the sincerity of their faith.

In every little town in Mexico you find flowers, a central garden or park, and hear the song of birds. Roses, red and white, climb the garden walls and hang over the edge to salute you as you pass by. One comes to love the country lanes with their rose or geranium hedges or their lofty walls on either side hiding great

The happiest men I know on this planet live in Mexico. One is a monk who lives and meditates in an old convent which stands in a grove

orchard, and the other is a blind man of 60 years, who is as cheerful as the unfalling sun of his laundress. These men have any property they may invite you to a banquet, open to you a splendid library, or show you treasure of gold collected in wide travels, yet you will be happy with him and enjoy a serene hour. The monk is a saint strayed from paradise, who lives here in the world as if he were in heaven. His mind is bright as the light shine, as is commanded. An artist would like to see him, and a philosopher. Young people go to see him and value his counsels and friendship.

The blind man is a welcome guest at a hundred tables, where his wit and cheerful countenance are a pleasure to all eyes.

My monk says: "We have all of us, rich and poor, just twenty-four hours in a day. Eight we sleep, perhaps. If our digestion and our consciences are sound, and ambition does not sit by our bedside planning, and the rest we have for work or recreation. The whole business of life is to get out of those waking hours the greatest number of happy ones. Those who fail to real-

ize that twenty-four hours in the day are all we have, for we live only from day to day, and make the best of them, fall in life. Often the rich people fail the most stupidly."

"I long ago became convinced that some of the saddest people on the planet are locked up in madhouses, and that the most unhappy lunatics are found in counting rooms, bank parlors, and Government offices. The man who fails to get

It is a pity that the old convents have been broken up so completely that only once in a great while a madman is found.

at peace with the world and with himself, possessing the long, bright days in meditative content. The religious orders stood for much. They stood for calm thought, for abounding charity, for resting places on the rough road of life. But the modern voice has come, and with it the enormous voice of the cities, the cities, the cities, and nations in the modern life, and the restless haste. Its pillar of smoke is seen ascending from mountain side, from prairie, and from crowded towns, and only a few charmed

**Funeral of William Henry Hall.**  
Funeral services over the body of William Henry Hall were conducted yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Joseph B. Kerr. There were present delegations

from the Washington Trust Company, the drug section of the Board of Trade and Transportation, the College of Pharmacy, and the Association of Manufacturers and Dealers in Proprietary Articles. Seventy-five employees of the firm of Hall & Buckel, of which Mr. Hall was a member, were also present. The interment was in Woodlawn.

**The Tiaware Trust Suit.**

Judge Andrews of the Supreme Court has signed the order granting leave to the Attorney General of the State to bring an action against the Central Stamping Company (Tinware Trust) for the purpose of procuring a judgment to vacate the charter, and annul the existence of the company upon the ground that it is ultra vires.

the provisions of its charter, and has been doing business as a monopoly.